

The Lightning Express

THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS 4130 43B2

Jim Holbert Visalia, 1940

Oh, the Lightning Express from the depot one night I started out on its way And all the people that boarded the train They seemed to be happy and gay.

Except a little boy sat on a seat by himself A-readin' a letter he had It's plain to be seen from the tears in his eyes Its contents is (pron. condenses) what made him sad.

The strange conductor he started his train And taken the tickets of everyone there And when he reached the side of the boy He briefly commanded his fare.

I've got no money to pay my way But I'll pay you back some day. I'll put you off at the next station, says he, These words the boy did say.

Oh, please, Mr. Conductor Don't put me off of this train For the only friend that I ever had Is waiting for me in vain. Expectin' her to die ever' moment And may not live to the day I want to kiss mother good-bye, sir, Before God takes her away.

Mother was sick when I left home And needed a doctor's care (keer) I come to your city employment for work (imploring for?) But couldn't find none anywhere.

And a little girl setting on a seat close by Said to put this boy off it's a shame. And taken a hat and a collection she made And paid this boy's fare on the train.

Much obliged to you, miss, for your kindness to me. You're welcome, you need never fear. And every time the conductor passed through These words would ring in his ear.

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